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THE SAVAGE.

THE WALK.

Frank. Justice Bluff made so much noise that the friend was ashamed to be seen in his company. And he began to reflect that it was *unbecoming in Friend Smoothly to be seen* disputing in a tavern. As to this gentleman personally, there is a cause for his irritation, which he will not acknowledge: a deeply rooted prejudice in favor of things that have been; and a warmer attachment to the land of his fathers than is consistent with the allegiance he owes to the country which affords him protection.

Piomingo. Are you a democrat? Frank. Pray to him "that giveth understanding to the simple," Piomingo, lest you be "destroyed for lack of knowledge." You resemble the enlightened citizens of this civilized country, who are swayed by *watchwords and names* without taking the trouble to inquire into the nature of things. It has at last become impossible to discourse on common occurrences or to make those observations which are naturally occasioned by circumstances, without causing some wiseacre to demand: are you a democrat? are you a federalist? And then if you cannot or will not say *Shibboleth*, death is too good for the Ephraimite.

Piomingo. I beg your pardon, Frank: I had forgotten you were a *plutocrat*. I have a few more questions to ask concerning the *Friends*. The best and wisest philosophers of antiquity were remarkable for the plainness and simplicity of their diet: is it so with the Quakers?

Frank. I think not: no people in existence love more "to eat of the fat and drink of the sweet," than the children of Penn. They are truly *learned in the science of eating*; and make up by the sumptuousness of their feasts for the absence of other amusements. Should Apicius be told of the luxury of a Quaker entertainment, he would repine, not without cause, at the malignity of his fate.

Piomingo. What is the reason that fewer schisms happen among the people of this society than among those of other denominations?

Frank. That question cannot be answered without bestowing at the same time the highest praise on the wisdom of the society. Their bond of union consists only in the practice of the moral duties and certain external observances, which are calculated to distinguish them from the world.

They are not fettered down, like other denominations, by iron doctrines and an adamant creed, which they are commanded to believe under peril of damnation. They puzzle not their heads about the decrees of God, the freedom of the human will, justification by faith, and other knotty points in divinity, which engage and distract the evangelical disciples of Luther and Calvin. If a man preach a good moral discourse, a Quaker audience are satisfied; whereas a Presbyterian congregation must know that his principles are *sound*, and that there is nothing *rotten in fundamentals*, before they will consent to be edified by his labors.

Piomingo. What do you think of the principles of the Friends, in relation to war?

Frank. However agreeable their opinions, on this point, may be to the doctrines of primitive christianity, they will not suit the present situation of the world. Could our harmless sheep graze in safety surrounded by tigers and wolves? Could the little flock rise up and lie down in peace, while the bloodhounds of war are ranging the fields of creation? There never was, nor never will be, a nation of Quakers: they owe their very existence to the protection of government. They will not fight themselves; but they have no objection that the arm of flesh should be raised in their defence. Yet there is no doubt they are aware of their own inconsistency in this particular; as no people are more ready to resent personal insults, or to defend their possessions from aggressions of injustice, or their houses from the intrusion of robbers. If it be right to repel a personal or family injury, it may certainly be proved, by a parity of reasoning, that it is equally right to oppose those injuries which are offered to the community in general, and to defend the great national family from insult and oppression. If we be justifiable in bolting our doors to prevent the intrusion of thieves, we are likewise justifiable in erecting forts for the protection of our harbors. If we be justifiable in throwing a robber headlong from a window, who would rob our house and murder our family, we are equally justifiable in assisting to repel an invasion of our country.

Piomingo. The Friends would probably say, that we may resist if we do not endanger the lives of our opponents.

Frank. Is not the life of the robber endangered, who is thrown from the window? May not his skull be fractured by the fall? No such line of distinction can be drawn. We are not accountable for the consequences of a justifiable resistance: that lies at the door of the aggressor. The thing is too plain for argument. Nature has implanted in man a principle of resentment, which directs him to oppose force to force, and retort the injuries that may be inflicted upon him: and this principle is necessary for self-preservation. If it be morally right to lift my hand and brush away a fly that has settled on my nose, it is morally right to defend myself, my friend, and my country.

Piomingo. I have understood that they are not disposed to contribute any thing towards the support of an army.

Frank. They pretend to say that it would be equally as criminal to enable others to fight as to fight themselves; therefore many of them will rather allow their property to be seized and sold for half its value than pay those taxes which are laid for the support of military arrangements. But it is not to be supposed that these evils, incurred through their own obstinacy, are immediately for-

gotten. Behold, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the people called Quakers, exhibited at their yearly meetings, and preserved from generation to generation as a memorial of the sufferings of Friends! I must not, however, forget to mention that many of the more intelligent Quakers have recourse to certain ingenious subterfuges to prevent any losses of magnitude on such occasions.

Piomingo. Their language is not a little curious: I have never been able to account for the origin of so singular a dialect.

Frank. I believe I can give you the true cause of its origin and progress: The early Quakers, and other puritans, affected to be conscientiously scrupulous of addressing a single person with the pronoun plural "you." It was a species of lie, which they could not reconcile to their conscience! They were determined to use, even in the common occurrences of life, that solemn mode of expression which had been adopted in addresses, to the deity and in the translation of the Bible; but, alas! although they were favored with the illuminations of the Spirit, they were too ignorant to distinguish the *nominative* from the *oblique* case of the pronoun: "thou" and "thee" were therefore used indiscriminately. But it came to pass in process of time, that this daring, intriguing, insinuating "thee" not only maintained his legitimate rights, but ambitiously usurped the dominions of his brother. "Thou" is totally discarded: and a man would be accused of affectation and pedantry, even among Quakers, who would attempt to restore the disgraced nominative to its station in the language. Almighty custom has sanctioned the production of ignorance; and this unparalleled corruption has become the language of friends. "How does thee do? If thee's cold, thee'd better sit down and warm thee-self;" which is just as absurd as to say "Me's well, me's cold, and me'll sit down and warm me-self."

Piomingo. If language serve to convey our ideas, it answers the purpose for which it was designed.

Frank. Yes: but you must acknowledge, Piomingo, that language has been thought of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the wisest philosophers; and since that is the case, certainly the language, spoken by a large and very respectable society, merits a transient consideration.

Piomingo. We will however, dismiss that subject for the present. Who is that little man whose attention is so distracted between smoking and talking. He certainly never has heard of the philosopher who did but one thing at a time.

Frank. That is a revolutionary character.

Piomingo. Be more explicit Frank, and inform me what is the *signification* of this revolutionary character.

Frank. Why, sir, the gentleman is forty or fifty years old; and consequently must have been alive somewhere during our revolutionary contest. He has been, he informs us, in every important engagement; and, if we credit his assertions, we must admit that the successful issue of the war was principally owing to his personal exertions.

Piomingo. Can we believe him?

Frank. That depends on the measure of your faith. Many years have passed away since the close of the war. Time has involved the events of those days in obscurity; and a man may boast, without danger of detection, of exploits which were never performed. Thousands who fought and bled in the war for independence are long since numbered with the dead; yet never were revolutionary characters, as they are called, more numerous than at the present moment. The most of those who suffered the hardships of war and fought the battles of their country have lived in penury and distress, and died neglected and unknown; who then are these, who extol their personal prowess over a bowl, and exhibit their revolutionary scars in the taverns of Philadelphia? The heroes of independence resemble the heads of the serpent of Lerna: when death cuts off one, a hundred spring up in his place. Observe that smiling red-faced self-conceited animal who walks across the floor with an air so important and imposing: that is an Irishman; and an ignorant Irishman. He has no knowledge of history; he is totally unacquainted with the affairs of his own country; and yet, although he has not been six months on this side of the Atlantic, he conceives himself fully able to discuss our political concerns and settle the affairs of the nation. There is no office in the United States but he has the impudence to demand; and his demand, when he thinks proper to make it, will be probably successful. He will grow rich and powerful, and fatten on the gifts of the nation, while the children of revolutionary heroes pine in obscurity and want. It was to provide a country for such fellows as this, that my father shed his blood in the service of the public, and reduced himself and his family to poverty. Where is he now?

Cold is the soil that covers his head;
And sound is the sleep of his tomb!

His name is forgotten; his children are unknown; and here comes an ignorant coxcomb to gather the fruit of his labor.

Piomingo. Would you prohibit the ingress of foreigners?

Frank. No: but I should like a little modesty in foreigners. They might live in peace and enjoy the products of their industry; but I see no necessity for their becoming legislators, or enjoying the emoluments of office, while there are thousands of natives fully as capable, and certainly as patriotic, as any insolent foreigner whatever.

Piomingo. But if a man of genius fix his residence among you, why should his adopted country be deprived of the advantages that may be derived from the exercise of his talents in public affairs?

Frank. There is indigenous genius enough, if it met with sufficient encouragement; but as long as European impudence bears every thing before it, American genius must lie in the shade. Is it not preposterous that a man just broke loose from the land of slaves should presume to regulate the affairs of a people who are said to be free?

Piomingo. Should they not enjoy the privileges of citizenship?

Frank. I think not. Their children might become citizens; but why should men born and educated in foreign countries, influenced by extraneous prejudices, and feeling an invincible attachment to the place of their birth, who love their country, "they know not why, and care not wherefore," be admitted to rank with native citizens? Love of country is a prejudice: knowledge may destroy but cannot produce it. And as foreigners

never can feel the operation of this prejudice in favor of the adopted country, they cannot be heartily and wholly attached to its interests. The fact is, they never become more than half citizens. After they have been here thirty or forty years, you may hear them express their regard for their *dear native land*, and call it, with affectionate tenderness—HOME. I should dislike the man who felt it not; but I contend that no one can become wholly attached to any other country but that which gave him birth. Piomingo! can you describe the place of your nativity?

Piomingo. On a gentle eminence, near a rapid stream, stood a walled hut, overshadowed by the branches of a venerable oak. On the right was the distant prospect of an Indian village; on the left, a narrow path winding down the hill to the banks of the river. Majestic mountains appeared at a distance.

Frank. Piomingo! do you never repeat, with melancholy pleasure,

En unquam patios longo post tempore fines,
Pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen,
Post aliquot, mea regna vident, mirabor aristas?

Should you return once more after many years' absence and visit the Indian village, the swelling hill, the rapid stream, the winding path, the little hut, and the venerable oak, would they not excite a thousand ineffable feelings? Can you feel the same attachment to any other spot in the universe? Is not that your country? Could you forget the scene of your infant joys, where you first became conscious of existence, where you spent your happiest days, where the bones of your fathers are buried, and where your brethren dwell—could you forget all these, and attach yourself, exclusively to any other country and people?

Piomingo. May not a man have reason to hate his people and the land of his fathers?

Frank. A man cannot hate his people and the land of his fathers: it is impossible. If he can, he is utterly incapable of loving any other.

Piomingo. This civilized uproar fatigues me. I must be going.

Frank. Stay a moment, till I show you another foreigner. We have them of all descriptions. That inanimate being who sits by himself viewing every thing round him with sullen contempt is an Englishman. He has been among us these twenty years, but in all that time has found nothing on which he could bestow the slightest commendation. There are but four things that fall within the range of his abilities: he can eat, drink, *love old England*, and hate every other thing in existence.

He never can be induced to taste any species of food which is unknown in England: and of those kinds which are common to both countries, that which is produced here is, he asserts, infinitely inferior in quality. If you show him the choicest productions of the soil, he will sometimes reluctantly admit they may do, taking care at the same time to add, *they are much better in England*. He never has been so fortunate, since he crossed the Atlantic, as to meet with a dinner properly prepared: and when he returns to the land of shopkeepers, he never return, he will inform his countrymen that the people of Pennsylvania are anthropophagi and blacks.

Although he carries the marks of stupid vulgarity in his countenance, he affects to despise the Americans as a nation of rebels, convicts, and savages.

Piomingo. Will he argue on political subjects?

Frank. Argue! he argues as a dog would argue: he snarls at every thing round him. He abuses our legislative assemblies and curses publicly the officers of government.

Piomingo. It is magnanimous to overlook these things.

Frank. I have no opinion of such magnanimity. Suppose I should go to England and call the virtuous members of Parliament robbers and villains, and the sapient monarch a fool; what would be the consequence? Why should strangers be allowed greater privileges among us, than the citizens of the United States would be allowed in foreign countries?

ON EGYPT.

The discoveries recently made in the land of the Nile, come to us like revelations welling up from the dark depths of oblivion. Proud of our new-born freedom from the bonds of ignorance, elated with our rapid advancement in the arts and sciences, we fondly fancied that we had attained a height which would have rendered the ancients dizzy to have even conceived. But our pride is checked while contemplating this wondrous land. We look down through the dark vista of ages beyond the commencement of recorded time, and find that many of our proudest achievements are mere imitations, often poor and imperfect, of a people whose glory had passed ere antiquity begun.

These observations were suggested by Mr. Wilkinson's elaborate work on "the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians," from which we learn, that it was not in architectural and mechanical power alone that their genius was manifested, but in various processes in the arts. Of these we may mention, that they possessed the art of engraving or sculpturing hard stones, in a manner which cannot but excite our wonder, hieroglyphics being frequently cut into basalt and syenite, to the depth of more than two inches.

Glass blowing was long thought to be a comparatively modern invention, but instead of being such, the Egyptians were undoubtedly acquainted with it as early, at least, as the first Osirtasen, upwards of 3,500 years ago, as is proved by their paintings, sculptures, and the specimens of glass which have been found bearing inscriptions. In the paintings of Benj. Hassan, executed in the reign of the above monarch, we have figures of glass blowers engaged in their employment; and Captain Henvoy, of the Royal Navy, found a glass bead containing the name of a monarch, who lived 1500 years before Christ.

"Such was the skill of the Egyptians," says Wilkinson, "in the manufacture of glass, and in the mode of staining it of various hues, that they counterfeited, with success, the amethyst and other precious stones, and even arrived at an excellence in the art, which their successors have been unable to retain, and which European workmen are unable to imitate; for not only do the colors of some Egyptian opaque glass offer the most various devices on the exterior, distributed with the regularity of a studied design, but the same hue and the same device pass in right lines directly through the substance. So that, in what-

ever part it is broken, or wherever a section may chance to be made of it, the same appearance, the same colors, and the same design, present themselves."

Specimens of this kind of glass were brought to England by Captain Henvoy, R. N., the quality and distribution of the size in which are strikingly beautiful. The total size is about one twentieth of an inch square, and the ground is of an amethyst hue. In the centre is a device, consisting of a yellow circle, surrounded by light blue, with a bright red border, and on the four sides shoot forth light blue rays, edged with white. Around this, which is isolated, runs a square ornament of bright yellow, divided into distinct parts, formed by openings on each of the sides, and at the four corners a beautiful device projects like a leaf, formed of a succession of minute lines, green, red, and white, the two last encircling the green nucleus, which meets in a common point towards the base, and terminates in almost imperceptible tenuity. The delicacy of some of the lines is truly surprising, and not less the accuracy with which the patterns are executed; and the brilliancy of the colors is as remarkable as the harmony maintained in their dispositions; an art then much more studiously attended to, and far better understood than at the present day.—N. Y. Whig.

WATER.

A plentiful supply of pure water is above all price.

There is nothing more essential to a farmer than good water, and plenty of it. For domestic purposes, and for stock, it has much to do with health, convenience and comfort. In many situations there is no lack of this indispensable article, but in others it is so deficient or impure as to require some artificial means of increasing the supply and improving its salubrity. Where it is obtained from wells, they should be sunk so deep as to secure an abundance during the periods of the greatest droughts, for then it is that its impurities are most concentrated. During the dry weather of autumn, when vegetation is decaying, and the springs are weak, the foul gases which are exhaled from the earth are absorbed by the water of wells, springs and ponds; and this, acting in conjunction with the vegetable matter that is always found in water that is stagnant, or nearly so, makes a deleterious compound which is neither fit for man nor beast to partake of, much less to be used for culinary purposes. Dysentery and fall fevers can often be traced to this prolific source of poison, and many valuable lives every year are no doubt sacrificed by the use of impure water, which by proper attention to deepening and cleaning out wells and springs, would have been preserved. A well with a few buckets of water only in it, is not sufficient; every time you pump or draw from it, its impurities are stirred up, and you get a large dose of them. Some who have pumps in wells fail to secure them from the running in of foul water and vegetable matter, which always abound in the neighborhood of springs, and by that means, even where there is an abundant supply of water, it is frequently much contaminated. Every well should be carefully examined and cleansed annually, if you desire to have pure water for family use. Water enters largely into all culinary processes, and it is feared that many are not sufficiently aware of the danger they incur by the use of it, when in an impure state. Generally, throughout the alluvial parts of New Jersey, and the States south of it, water is obtained by digging a few feet only, but it is seldom otherwise than impure, and very offensive to those who have not been educated in the use of it. This arises from its passing through beds of marl or other strata which saturate it with impurities and destroy its salubrity. It is presumed that with a little extra trouble and expense by boring or digging through the beds of foul deposit till pure sand is arrived at, which it is believed might be easily and cheaply accomplished, New Jersey would be found to furnish as good, pure, wholesome water as is obtained in the more elevated districts of our country. The business of boring is now well understood, and can be accomplished quickly, and at little expense in alluvial deposits which are free from rock and stones. A tin tube, or one of some other metal should be inserted to a depth which would penetrate the pure clean sand, and if this was properly done judging from what has occurred in other countries, in many instances, an overflowing fountain of pure, wholesome water would reward the care and enterprise of those who may undertake so meritorious a work. If this were accomplished in a single instance, it would soon be repeated by hundreds of others, who would desire to be partakers of like benefits; and New Jersey, with its inexhaustible beds of marl to fertilize its soil, and an overflowing supply of the most wholesome water, would flourish beyond all former examples. In most cases, it is believed boring and tubing would cost less than digging and walling a well and putting a pump in it, and if it was properly executed it would require no further care to keep it clean. Whoever may accomplish this grand object will deserve a seat in the Legislature; and if a fountain of overflowing water should crown his efforts, he might be sent to Congress with great propriety as a reward for good conferred on his fellow citizens by his enterprise.

Cisterns are often a valuable resort to collect and preserve the water from the roofs of buildings for washing and other purposes, but they are often badly built, and when that is the case, they are a source of disappointment and vexation. They should always be round, and the bottom concave, so as not to have an angle in their construction, for it is found more difficult to make them water tight if there is an angle or sharp corner in the wall. They should be built with the greatest care and circumspection, and well covered in, so as to exclude extraneous matter. Cisterns or cellars fourteen feet in depth are said to preserve an equable temperature winter and summer; when of a less depth it will vary with the state of the atmosphere. The importance of having water in a barn yard for cattle or stock, need not be suggested to any farmer who understands his true interest; those who are thus supplied can best tell what they save annually by it in that most precious article, manure. Cattle should never go outside of a barn yard during the season of foddering; the loss occasioned by it in one winter would dig a well or build a cistern, and leave a surplus for other purposes, where a large stock is kept.—Farmer's Cabinet.

AGRICOLA.

From the Auburn N. Y. Gazette.

SHORT COURTSHIP, MARRIAGE, &c.

An amusing incident in the way of a love and marriage affair, took place, we understand, in Clark street, in our village, on Saturday last. A leekadeizical son of John Bull, who has been residing in the place and paying particular attention to a buxom Irish girl, for some time, made his arrangements to consummate his happiness by having the hymenial knot tied. On that afternoon, he hired a horse and buggy, and took his intended to the house of a friend on that street, to have the marriage rites performed. While preparations were going forward for the event, a ha-e son of the Emerald Isle hearing of the circumstance, and envying the happiness of the Englishman, resolved to rob him of his intended wife, and covert her to himself. Accordingly, putting on his Sunday's best, he immediately repaired to the house of marriage, entered the room where they were, and like a bold knight of romance, claimed the maiden as his property: telling the English lover he must at once give up all claims; at the same time taking possession of his prize. She, finding she had two strings to her bow, instead of one, and had occasionally, previously, received visits from her countryman, had had an itching to catch him; but *officiousness* in never popping the question, had induced her to take her English lover rather than none. Finding her near Irishman now in earnest, after some short explanation she consented to become his; and notwithstanding the protestations of him to whom she first made the engagement, she was soon united to the Irishman in the presence of her disappointed Englishman, who, with sighs and tears, was thus compelled to have his anticipations nipped in the bud, after all the trouble, anxiety, and expense of horse and buggy to bring him to the threshold of his happiness! The gallant Irishman, having secured his prize, we understand, however, so far solaced him as to apply a salvo to his wounded feelings, by taking the riding establishment off his hands, and paying the bill he had been at; but he and his friends refused longer to shelter the new bride and groom, and they were forced to leave for some other lodgings, which we learn was immediately done, and they drove off joyfully, he exhibiting the truth of the saying that

"A faint heart never won a fair lady."

Whether our Englishman has become reconciled to the "slip between the cup and the lip," he has just experienced, or has hung or drowned himself, from the disappointment, we are not informed. We hope, however, he will keep up courage, and console himself that there is yet as good fish in the sea as the one that nibbled at his bait and then hooked herself to another.

SUBTERRANEAN FOREST.—An immense subterranean forest, of which even tradition preserves no account, lies buried under a part of the fers between Lincoln and Boston, although its existence is almost unknown, except to the thinly scattered population of the district. The soil consists mainly of rotten wood, mixed with a sort of earthy deposit, evidently left by the subsidence of a large body of water. On passing a lately ploughed piece, a stranger is surprised by observing heaps of wood, many loads to the acre, piled up over its surface, as if a crop of huge black logs had succeeded to the previous one of corn. These have been torn up by the plough, and it is singular that after forty years of tillage the yield of those logs in many places continues as great as ever. The occupiers ascribe the phenomenon to the gradual rising of the forest, which lies prostrated a foot or two under ground, though it is probably caused by the sinking of the top soil into a boggy substratum, which is called the *sack*. The trees force themselves up entire, announcing their approach to the surface by the decay of all verdure above them. When a farmer observes this indication, he digs down and removes the trees from its bed of centuries, and is frequently well rewarded for his trouble. The trees are all oak, and are frequently of dimensions which would almost stagger belief. Some years ago the writer of this article saw one taken up which contained no less than 1440 cubic feet of timber; and, so recently as the winter of 1836, he removed another, the bole alone of which contained nearly 1000 feet. The wood of these gigantic monarchs of the forest, when first bared, is sodden with moisture and apparently rotten; but, after a short exposure to the air, becomes so hard that none but the most tempered tools will touch it. It is nevertheless worked into rails and fencing, because the grain is so straight that it bends like a reed. Many gentlemen in the neighborhood, have a few plain articles of furniture manufactured out of it, as matters of curiosity, as in time it becomes not only as hard, but as black as ebony, and is capable of the highest polish. Every tree is either plucked up from its roots, or snapped short about three feet from them; and all appear to have fallen very much in the same way. It is probable that at some distant date an irrigation of the sea may have done the havoc, aided, perhaps, by one of those tornadoes which even now, in a milder degree, are occasionally experienced thereabouts.—Stamford Mercury.

A certain and speedy remedy for the Diarrhea.—15 grains Salts of Wormwood; 30 grains powdered Rhubarb, to be mixed in a table spoonful of lime or lemon juice, and taken while in a state of effervescence. Half the quantity for a child. If taken just before going to bed at night, the patient will be well the following morning.

To the Editor of the New York American:

At a time when so many are suffering with the Diarrhea, I feel anxious that the greatest possible publicity should be given to a remedy that was recommended forty years ago in Boston by Doctors Warren and Jackson, and which the writer of this has often used and given to others, without its failing in one instance to effect an immediate cure. If the annexed receipt is published by you, I hope other papers will copy it.

Yours, respectfully,

A. T.

Morrison's Pills are in bad odour in England; an inquest having been lately held on the body of a person who it is said had "taken pecks of them," it was decided that his death was occasioned or accelerated by them.

A wolf was lately shot within the city bounds of Buffalo.